



# CREEPY

A WARNER  
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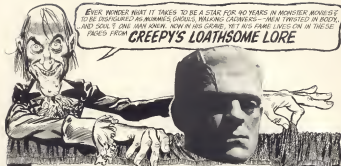
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**THANE**  
returns to battle  
THE BARBARIAN  
OF FEAR!



EVER WONDER WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A STAR FOR 40 YEARS IN MONSTER MOVIES?  
TO BE DISFIGURED AS MUMMIES, GHOULS, WALKING CADAVERS--"JANES" TWISTED IN BODY,  
...AND SOUL? ONE MAN KNOWS. NOW IN HIS GRAVE, YET HIS FAME LIVES ON IN THESE  
PAGES FROM

## CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE



HE SUFFERED LONG HOURS OF TORTURE AS  
WAS UP MASTER JACK PEARCE APPLIED MANY FALSE  
FELLS, CRIMSON SCARS, METAL BOLTS, BURNING FORE-  
HEAD... REIGNITED HIM WITH RAGE WOODEN BOOTS...  
TORTURED HIS LEGS IN IRON BRACES... TO CREATE  
THE MAN MADE MONSTER...

### FRANKENSTEIN!



THEY SWAINED HIM IN WORDS OF  
ROTTEN GAZES... BOUND HIM SO TIGHT  
HE COULD SCARCELY BREATHE... COVERED  
HIS BODY WITH FULLER'S EARTH... AND MADE  
OF HIM IM-HO-TEP 3000 YEARS DEAD,  
ROSEN FROM THE DUST OF ANCIENT EGYPT TO  
TERRORIFY THE WORLD AS THE LIVING...

### MUMMY!



HE WAS ON THE SCREEN FROM 1915 TILL 1949...  
MADE APPROXIMATELY 150 FILMS... BECAME A LEGEND  
IN THE 39 YEARS OF HIS LIFE, A HOUSEHOLD WORD FOR  
TERROR. AFTER HIS DEATH WE HAVE YET TO SEE  
HIM IN THE CRIMSON ALTAR, THE FEAR  
CHAMBER, THE ISLE OF THE SNAKE PEOPLE AND  
HOUSE OF EVIL, THE IMMORTAL...

### BORIS KARLOFF

AS AN THEY ATTACKED HIS RUGGED FEATURES  
DISTORTED THE FRAME OF HIS EYE AND  
DEADENED HIS VISION... PUSHED HIS NOSE  
OUT OF SHAPE... TWISTED HIS LIPS... MADE  
A PARACENT OF ONE OF HIS CHEEKS,  
A MASS OF WRINKLES... SCARRIED  
HIM FURTHER... AND ALL FOR...

### THE RAVEN!





# **CREEPY NO. 27**

**PUBLISHER:** JAMES WARREN    **EDITOR:** BILL PARENTE    **COVER:** FRANK FRAZETTA  
**ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:** TOM SUTTON, TONY WILLIAMS, ERNIE COLON, STEVE DITKO, RIED  
**CRANDALL**    **WRITERS THIS ISSUE:** ARCHIE GOODWIN, BILL PARENTE, FORREST J. ACKERMAN



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among Monsters



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fighting shock flock



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## COLLECTOR'S EDITION

Learn the terrible secret behind the Marquis LeMode's forbidden book.

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Enjoy a jarring joust of jolting jargon to snap you out of your sanity.

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**CREEPY FAN CLUB**

A stack of stun fun to shatter your senses.



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## BRAIN TRUST

A small town doctor diagnoses case of horror

### SURPRISE PACKAGE

What could be worse than the wicked wickedness of wild creatures who seek only DEATH?

# DEAR UNCLE CREEPY



**Jumpin' Jupiter**, you can say that again, Dan my man! Just keep buying my shock stock and your dawningly different will double, in less time than it takes for you to . . .  
yaaaargggghhhhhhhhhhhhh

I have a rather strange request. I require a coat of arms of the House of Dracula and I thought that if anyone could help me locate it you could, Unc. My husband and I are addicted to horror mags, movies, ect, and I wonder if this could be because we are Hungarians and my husband's grandmother comes from Transylvania mountains? We both love your magazines and thank you for providing such marvelous entertainment for kids and adults as well.

MR. & MRS. K. S. BUTCHIN  
Philadelphia, Pa

**A coat of arms . . . how REPULSIVE!** Why not a suit of LEGS . . . or maybe a little blouse of SARKS to keep your tailor telling. Anyway, your request is being shall we say, tracked down and we should have an answer for you soon.

Just read CREEPY #25 and it was good with some exceptions. The best story without a doubt was KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP. Crandall's work was superb. Second this issue was DEEP RUBY. Ditko's art and Goodwin's plot with the surprise ending really made it a great tale. Third had to be WITCHES TIDE but this surprised me, it was a reprint from CREE #27. IT THAT LURKS, another reprint and AN UNLIKELY VISITOR were fair. Williamson's art should have been better. As far as THEIR JOURNEY'S END goes . . . blechhh!

EDWARD KENDRICK,  
Cazanovia, New York

**See . . . what'd I tell you!** I KNEW someday your week would rate a blechhhhh instead of a . . . yeechhhhh!

Who in the world is your proofreader! On the contents page in issue #25, there were five mistakes! I don't think CREEPY #25 was bad at all, but what is going on here? It's only November and I have the February issue! I've heard of you putting them out two months early but THREE months? Now let's get back to your great rise this month. IT THAT LURKS was a masterpiece of suspense but don't you copy that little miss from Cousin CREE? Anyway my ratings for your stories this is as well. IT THAT LURKS, DEEP RUBY, KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP, THEIR JOURNEY'S END, WITCHES TIDE and AN UNLIKELY VISITOR in

that order. One more thing, why no back issue price?

JIM BIZOFF,  
St. Louis, Mo.

**So what makes you think the folk who check our ink, is from THIS world . . .** Gentlemen Jim? If you only had ONE eye in the back of YOUR head, you'd make a mistake now and then too! And whose matter clatter brain, you too blind I to find the back cover? Check it out for our back tracking issue invite. Gesehl

I hate to say this Unc, but I think you're leaving your staff. I mean in ish #25 there was not one drop of blood, not ONE! Just like ish #28, NO BLOOD! The stories were all fab but they just aren't complete without blood. So start adding a little plasma to your stories, ok? I would also like to ask you to have more stories about vampires and werewolves. I think they are the most horrifying and beautiful people there ever was, EVER!

PAT LOUPE,  
Beverly, North Carolina

**You really know how to HOUND a guy into HOWLING.** UNCLE CREEPY . . . don't you El Loupe! Okay BRISTLING buddy, if you're willing to share the WERE-and-TEAR of some HARRY dare-fare from my LAIR . . . maybe a licensing, trademark, trade name, will TRANSFORM your complaints into SHINING satisfaction!

Here's a tip for all your fans about your back issue department. I have received several advertising prophets from companies which sell back issues of comic books and magazines. I have noticed that the prices of CREE and CREEPY are considerably higher than those in your own back issue department. So, actually we're getting quite a bargain from the low prices. However, the mail deliveries are slow, but who's complaining?

JOHN BAUMANN,  
Northridge, Calif.

**Oh John, you've turned me on!** Now that my whooping fit of illiterature is in yer genny slings here . . . wasn't the wait worth it? And just to help things along, when Pelec Perente returns from his mail run, our purgent professor of prettifying prose will find some one in his office. Maybe THAT'll speed up his deliveries!

I was going to hang up the cover of CREEPY #25 on my wall, but I couldn't figure out how to make a noose. Well,

about the stories, they were beautiful! The best were WITCHES TIDE, IT THAT LURKS, DEEP RUBY, and UNLIKELY VISITOR. THEIR JOURNEY'S END and KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP were fair. The art was simply colossal!

JAMES SZYMANSKI,  
St. Clair Shores, Mich

**Natch Jim . . . with a gigantic group of rare gaily games like Rattling Reed Crandall, Stupifying Thomas Sutton, Electrifying Ernie Color, Wily Tony Williamson and Frizzling Frank Frazetta . . . could our art chart average be . . . better?**

What goes on here? For a while you were doing good with only two reprints, but now look three to us. I think you're getting lazy Unc, and I always thought you were such an energetic fellow. Now some comments on the issue. KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP was great in script and done by one of my favorites, Reed Crandall. THEIR JOURNEY'S END was a very close second, with another of my favorites, Ernie Color, in the letter column, someone wanted more blood in your magazine. Don't do it. I like you fine as you are.

CLARK FAIRBANKS,  
Vancouver, Wash.

**That's the spark, Clark.** You readers get fed too much RED and you're liable to shed your SANITY!

Just finished your February ish #25 and it was one of the best CREEPY magazines I have read in a long time. Great work the cover was really something else, Uncle Dick Conway certainly came up with a fresh ideal. Way to go. I rate WITCHES TIDE as first with IT THAT LURKS and KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP closely tied for second, THEIR JOURNEY'S END was a good third with DEEP RUBY and AN UNLIKELY VISITOR taking over fourth place. The art in AN UNLIKELY VISITOR was outstanding! Tony Williamson should do more, a lot more! Keep up the super work, Unc!

DOUG GORMAN,  
Pottsville, Pa

**Are you kidding kiddy!** The only FRESH idea disastrous Dick Conway ever came up with, got him a slap in the yap for flappin' his TRAP!

Want to write us? Address your letters and letters to: CREEPY LETTERS, 32 E 42nd St. NYC 10017

CREEPY #25 starred Ned YOUR SPIRITS UP and IT THAT LURKS, but I loved them all. Please tell me, is the BLACK MISSAL a real book or only something you made up?

LINK HULLAR,  
Decatur, Alabama

**What do YOU think, Link?** Link . . . hehehe, you don't happen to have a n'ette about a robot, do ya? About that mysterious missal, heh, and warns that Satan himself scottched out the b'esphemous, black book! Anyone foolish enough to behold the horror it enfolds, will blind their souls into stamby. Actually the REAL explanation is simple . . . why does ANY dave! carry a little, black book around with him . . . huh heh?

CREEPY #25 was terrific! Let's analyze the contents. LOATHSOME LORE: good, interesting subject. KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP: Cool art by Crandall, neat trick ending. WITCHES TIDE: A reprint, I believe, but good. THEIR JOURNEY'S END: One of the coolest trick-ending stories I have ever read! IT THAT LURKS: Well, with the team of Adkins and Goodwin, how could it go wrong? DEEP RUBY: Another reprint! Limit them to ONE per issue from now on, will you? AN UNLIKELY VISITOR: The only under per story in the book. Not up to average art wise, and the script was bad. All in all, it turned out to be a pretty darn good investment for less than half a buck!

DAN WILDER,  
Jupiter, Florida



READY FOR SOME RARE RAVINGS FROM MY SHOCK-SHELF OF FEARFUL FICTION? THIS ONE'S EXTRA SPECIAL FOR ALL YOU PATRONS OF THE PULSATING! YOU'RE GOING TO JOIN A REAL CONNOISSEUR OF **OCCULT OFFERINGS** AND TRACK DOWN PAGE BY PAGE THE HORROR OF THE...

# COLLECTOR'S EDITION!

LET ME MAKE IT CLEAR, MURCH WAS NEVER MY FRIEND... I HATED HIM! HATED HIM AND HIS SEEDY BOOKSHOP WITH ITS MUSTY SMELL OF YELLOWING PAGES AND FADING TYPE, DUSTY UNTOUCHED VOLUMES SLOWLY ROTTING ON COB-WEBBED SHELVES... YET, AS IS SO OFTEN TRUE IN LIFE, TO OAH THE THINGS WE WANT IT IS NECESSARY TO DEAL WITH UNPLEASANT PEOPLE... AND THERE WERE THINGS I WANTED VERY BADLY!



EVENING, MR. DANFORTH! NEARLY CLOSING TIME... ANYTHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?



HAVE YOU EVER COLLECTED ANYTHING? TRULY, DEVOTEDLY COLLECTED? THEN YOU KNOW HOW OBSSIVE AND DEMANDING IT CAN BE... AND HOW YOU CAN BE AT THE MERCY OF SOMEONE LIKE MURCH...

JUST LOOKING, THOUGHT I'D SEE IF ANYTHING NEW HAD COME IN.

YOU'RE A MAN OF STRANGE TASTES, MR. DANFORTH... THINGS YOU WANT ARE HARD TO COME BY!

HE WAS DISGUSTING AND OVERBEARING, BUT SOMEHOW, HE COULD GET THINGS... THE RARE, OBSCURE, EVER FORBIDDEN, WOULD ALWAYS FIND THEIR WAY INTO HIS HANDS... SO, I ENDURED...

YET I'VE FOUND 'EM FOR YOU, HAVEN'T I? SOONER OR LATER, OL' MURCH GETS 'EM... THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF GILLES DE RAIS... THE SAWNEY BEANE TRIAL NOTES... THE LANDRU DIARY...



...OR MAYBE EVEN THAT ONE EVERY FANCER OF THE OCCULT DREAMS OF... MAYBE EVEN THE FIRST EDITION OF THE MARGUS LEMODE'S "DARK VISIONS"!

WHERE IS IT, MURCH?! HAVE YOU BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME...? TANTALIZING... TORMENTING...

GENTLY, GENTLY, MR. DANFORTH...



I WANTED TO CRUSH THAT FAT SWINE! SMASH THE DECAYING TEETH IN HIS FOUL-BREATHED MOUTH... INSTEAD, I LISTENED... LISTENED TO HIS WHINING, TEASING VOICE....

DIDN'T SAY I HAD IT, MR. DANFORTH... BUT I'VE A LEAD... A CHANCE...

LEMODE'S "DARK VISIONS" ...I'VE HUNTED OBJECTS OF THE BIZARRE IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD AND NEVER HAD MORE THAN VAGUE HINTS... TO THINK THERE'S A HOPE...



"THE MARQUIS HAD CAST A LONG DARK SHADOW OVER THE 18TH CENTURY... BRILLIANT PHILOSOPHER, INSPIRED POET, *UNEXCELLED ARTIST* HE BECAME THE HUB OF THE FAST-SPINNING WHEEL OF ANATIGARDE SOCIETY..."



"HIS ABILITIES SPANG FROM SINISTER ORIGINS AND HIS ENTIRE LIFE WAS DEVOTED TO A PURSUIT OF THE MOST UNSPEAKABLE EVILS... A KNOWN PARTICIPATER IN RITES OF DEVIL-WORSHIP THERE WERE EVEN RUMORS OF *HUMAN SACRIFICE*..."



"THEN, AT AGE 79, ALL HIS PROFUSE TALENTS AND CORRUPT DRIVES JELLED INTO ONE MASTERPIECE... LEWODE SECLUDED HIMSELF FOR ONE LONG TERRIBLE MONTH, REACHING INTO MADNESS AND BEYOND, AND PRODUCED HIS SUPERS BLEND OF PHANTASMASTICAL DRAWING AND MACABRE POETRY, THE ULTIMATE OCCULT WORK, HIS UNPARALLELED *DARK VISIONS*!"



"LIMITED EDITIONS WERE PRIVATELY PRINTED, CIRCULATED TO THE JACED AND DECADENT, AND NEVITABLY, TO AN OUTRAGED PUBLIC... AN INQUISTION RESULTED AND ALL THE MARQUIS MONSTROUS ACTIVITIES BECAME KNOWN!"



"HIS ROYAL RANK COULD NOT SAVE HIM, ALTHOUGH BURNING AT THE STAKE WAS RULED OUT IN FAVOR OF THE GUILLOTINE. HE WENT TO HIS DEATH UNREPENTANT... ALL COPIES OF THE BOOK WERE CONFISCATED AND DESTROYED..."



WE KNOW DIFFERENT, DON'T WE, MR. DANFORTH? A FEW COPIES HAVE SURVIVED... SNIFFLED THROUGH THE YEARS... AND I THINK I CAN GET ONE! IT WON'T BE CHEAP... NOT CHEAP AT ALL!



NOW YOU KNOW WHY I HATED MURCH... ALWAYS GOADING, PRODDING, HINTING, TANTALIZING...AND I HAD TO RESPOND! DART LIKE AN ANIMAL FOR A CARROT ON A STRING... IT WAS MURCH'S GAME AND IT DELIGHTED HIM!

ANY PRICE, MURCH! I MUST HAVE IT... ANY AMOUNT!

PATIENCE, PATIENCE... WE'VE NO DEAL YET! I'VE GOT TO SEE RAMSEY, THE IMPORTER, TONIGHT... HE'S PROVIDED ME WITH MOST OF THE REALLY GOOD ITEMS IN THE PAST... PERHAPS.



BUT IN HIS PETTY TYRANNY, MURCH WAS A FOOL! SEVERAL TIMES IN HIS DESIRE TO TORMENT, TO MAKE ME WAIT LONGER, PLEAD AND PAY MORE, HE'D MENTIONED RAMSEY... BRAGGED OF HIS SOURCE... A MISTAKE I COULD NOW MAKE HIM REGRET!

CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU'VE HEARD ANYTHING, ANYTHING AT ALL!

IN GOOD TIME, MR. DANFORTH... JUST BE PATIENT!



CASH WAS NEEDED... LOTS OF IT, "DARK VISIONS" WAS NOT AN ITEM FOR CHECKS AND RECORDS! I HAD TO ACT QUICKLY TO BEAT MURCH, BUT READY FUNDS WERE NO PROBLEM, THEY NEVER HAD BEEN SINCE MY MARRIAGE...

COLIN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? BUYING MORE BOOKS, OCCULT JUNK? YOU'RE NEVER HOME... NEVER CALL... NEVER SPEND ANY TIME WITH YOUR OWN WIFE... JUST MY MONEY!

NOT NOW, AUDREY, I'M IN A HURRY...



YOU CAN'T GO ON NEGLECTING ME! I'M A HUMAN BEING WITH PRIDE AND FEELINGS...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THAT'S ON HAND FOR EMERGENCIES... ANSWER ME!!



I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS TREATMENT ANY LONGER, COLIN! DO YOU HEAR ME?!





RAMSEY WAS A WEALTHY, SUCCESSFUL MAN. HE LIVED IN A TOWNHOUSE ON A QUIET RESIDENTIAL BLOCK... BUT EVEN THE QUIET OF THE VERY RICH CAN SOMETIMES BE DISTURBED...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
WHAT'S GOING ON?

**MURDER!** SOMEBODY TOOK A SILVER CANDLE-STICK TO THIS GUY RAMSEY'S SKULL... GOT AWAY CLEAN!

WAS IT A **THIEF?**  
ANYTHING TAKEN?

DOUBT IT... ONLY ROOM DISTURBED IN THE WHOLE PLACE WAS THE LIBRARY. WHO'D WANNA STEAL A **BOOK?**

THERE WAS NO NEED FOR FURTHER QUESTIONS. I TURNED AND HAILED A CAB. THERE WAS ONLY ONE PLACE LEFT TO GO...

HE'S IN THERE... GLOVING... REVELING... WAITING FOR ME!

EXCITEMENT AND ANTICIPATION WERE WELLING UP WITHIN ME... I ASSAILED THE DOOR, POUNDING AND SHOUTING. MURCH WAS SLOW, SLOWER THAN EVER! MAINTAINING THE TORMENT...

**GO AWAY!**  
I'VE NOTHING FOR YOU...

DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE! GO AWAY, DANFORTH!

**YOU FAT PIG!** ENOUGH OF YOUR GAMES... I KNOW YOU'VE GOT IT! I KNOW WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT!!

**NO!** THERE'S NOTHING!... STAY OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE!

THEN I SAW IT! NO ONE HAD EVER DESCRIBED WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE, NOT EVEN A SLIGHT HINT OR DESCRIPTION, YET I WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ANYWHERE!

LEAVE YOU ALONE, MURCH? BEFORE WE'VE EVEN TALKED ABOUT... THIS?!



MURCH BROKE AWAY FROM ME, MOVING HIS OBESE HULK OF A BODY FASTER THAN HE EVER HAD.

THERE'S NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT! IT'S MINE NOW! I DON'T WANT TO SELL IT, PART WITH IT! I'M KEEPING THE BOOK... KEEPING IT!



BLOOD COURSED THROUGH MY VEINS IN HEAVY POUNDING STRIDES... WHY WAS HE SUCH A FOOL? WHY COULDN'T HE TELL THE TIME FOR GAMES, PLAYING AND TOYING WAS OVER?

MURCH... ALL THIS IS YOURS! GIVE ME THE BOOK... RIGHT NOW!

IT'S NOT FOR SALE! I'M KEEPING THE BOOK!



SWINE!! @\*%\*%\*%!!  
PIG!!!



HOW I HATED HIM! HOW I HATED HIS QUIVERING CORPULENT BODY BENEATH ME... HATED THE UNSHAVEN FOLDS OF FLESH THAT WERE HIS NECK... HATED THE SPITTLE-FLECKED JOWLS OF HIS DISGUSTING FACE TURNING NOW WHITE, NOW RED, NOW PURPLE...



... AND THEN, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO HATE.

MINE! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS... FINALLY MINE!



THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ADMIRATION OR APPRECIATION... LEMODE'S MASTERWORK NEEDED CAREFUL STUDY, FULL ATTENTION, AS BEFITTED THE PRODUCTS OF GENIUS, NO MATTER HOW WARPED...

I CAN'T STAND ANYMORE OF THIS! COLIN, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE MONEY? COLIN! THE MONEY!



THE MONEY, INDEED... IN MY HASTE TO LEAVE, I'D LEFT IT SCATTERED AROUND MURCH'S BLOATED CORPSE CARELESS, BUT UNIMPORTANT... WITH "DARK VISIONS" UNDER MY ARM, WHAT COULD BE IMPORTANT?

A BOOK?! EVERYTHING MY FATHER LEFT ME SCATTERED ON JUNK! NO MORE! DO YOU HEAR ME, COLIN? NO MORE! NO MORE...

I'M GOING INTO THE STUDY, SEE THAT I'M NOT DISTURBED!



NOW, I AM ALONE AND THE BOOK BEFORE ME... HERE, IN THE STUDY, SURROUNDED BY THE BOOKS AND OBJECTS I HAVE COLLECTED OVER THE YEARS, THE MARQUESS'S FORBIDDEN VOLUME HAS AT LAST THE SETTING IT NEEDS! WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, I TURN THE PAGES...

THE PRINTING... DESIGN... MASTERFUL... PERFECT!



LATER THERE WILL BE TIME TO TRANSLATE THE DELICATELY CALLIGRAPHED TEXT, FOR THE MOMENT I CAN ONLY DRINK IN THE FINELY WROUGHT TERROR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS...

BEARDSLEY... DORE... BOSCH... THEY ALL HAD THE ABILITY, BUT NONE POSSESSED LEMODE'S VISION... NONE!



HERE IS A MAN WHO LOOKED BEYOND THE GRAVE, BEYOND THE DARKEST UNKNOWN CORNERS OF THE MIND, INTO HELL ITSELF! EACH PAGE IS MORE FEARFUL THAN THE LAST...



W-WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS OWN D-DEATH...

NOW THERE IS AN INCREASING MOISTNESS TO MY FINGERS, EACH BREATH COMES QUICKER AND SHORTER... I TURN THE PAGES MORE RAPIDLY...

I-IMPOSSIBLE... THE CLOTHING AND SETTINGS IN THESE LATER ILLUSTRATIONS... THEY GO BEYOND LEMODE'S CENTURY... THROUGH THE YEARS... HE COULDN'T HAVE...



DOWN IN MY THROAT, A SCREAM IS STRIVING TO BURST OUT, BUT I KNOW IT WILL NEVER COME... MY FASCINATION IS FAR TOO GREAT...

MURCH!  
RAMSEY... HOW?!



EVERY NERVE ENDING TINGLES, MY HEART POUNDS LOUD AND FAST, BUT I MUST KNOW... MUST LEARN... WHAT'S NEXT... THE SOUND OF THE PAGE TURNING IS LIKE A BRASH OF LIGHTNING...

ME! A FEW HOURS AGO... B-BUT, THERE ARE SO MANY MORE PAGES LEFT... WHAT CAN...



SHUT THE BOOK! THROW IT AWAY... DON'T LOOK ANYMORE! DON'T TOUCH THE PAGE... DON'T TURN IT... DON'T LOO...

N-NO...  
NO!!



THAT NOISE! SOMEONE'S ENTERED THE ROOM, BEHIND ME... GOT TO BREAK FREE OF THE BOOK... TURN AND SEE WHO IT I...



"TSK, TSK! DAMFORTH NEVER GOT TO FINISH HIS SOCK... IT FINISHED HIM! NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT THE REST OF THE PICTURES WERE LIKE... MAYBE, **RABID READER**, THERE WAS ONE OF YOU!"

GAG...IF THE SIGHT OF MY FLIGHT ISN'T ENOUGH TO SHOCK YOUR  
BLOCK OFF, **WRACK PACK**... THEN GET SET TO SHATTER SOME  
GREY CRANIAL MATTER WHILE I HELP YOU...

# MA UP YOUR WAKE MIND

JUST A FEW MINUTES MORE AND HAROLD COULD END THE  
TORTURE OF LIFE IN THE FREEDOM OF... **DEATH**!!



NO ONE EVER **WANTED** TO  
DIE, ESPECIALLY NOT LIKE THIS.  
STILL HE THOUGHT THE SILENCE  
WOULD DEAFEN FOREVER.  
THE VIOLENCE BURSTING  
HIS BRAIN.

USELESS...THAT'S  
WHAT EVERYTHING  
HAD BEEN FOR  
ME.

MERE SECONDS REMAINED  
OF HIS LIFE, BEYOND WHICH  
AWAITED AN ETERNITY TO  
SPEND THEM.



IT'S TIME TO  
GO NOW...  
SON.

WEAKLY HE SHUFFLED  
TOWARDS THE DOOR AT THE  
END OF THE CORRIDOR...HIS  
IMAGINATION PICTURING THE  
FATE BEHIND IT.

IN PANIC, HARDOLD  
WONDERED IF THE  
FIRST CHARGE  
WOULD STOP HIS  
HEART! A THROBING  
DIZZINESS SLAMMED  
AGAINST HIS EYES  
AND HE FELT HIMSELF  
FALLING....

NO...NOT LIKE THIS! HARDOLD  
FELT THE SCREAM GAG HIM,  
BUT ONLY A STRANGLED  
GASP ESCAPED HIS LIPS...  
HE WAS GOING TO DIE...

..ELECTROCUTED!



I'M SORRY HARDOLD  
BUT WE TRIED EVERY  
THING TO GET A STRAY  
OF EXECUTION.

I...I FEEL  
SICK.

WATCH  
OUT!

HE'S  
FAINTED!

THEN THE  
STING OF BURSTING  
CURRENT, CRACKLING THROUGH EVERY  
FIBRE OF HIS BODY AS THE FIRST SHOCK  
FILLED HIM!

GHAAAAHH...  
THE... PAIN...  
UNBEARABLE  
... PAIN.

HOW  
LONG WOULD THE  
PAIN LAST?



LIGHT FILLED HIS EYES, BLINKING AWAY THE AGONY HE'D IMAGINED! OR WAS THAT THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH THAT SINGED HIS NOSTRILS?



AND THE SUDDEN BREAK OF THE SPINAL COLUMN FROM THE TRUNK OF THE NECK!

OBIVION IN AN INSTANT, WITH ONLY THE STEADY SQUEAK OF THE KNOTTED ROPE AGAINST THE SCAFFOLD TO REMEMBER.



HOW STUPID TO IMAGINE DEATH SHOULD SPARE HIM THE FEAR OF WAITING. HAROLD DROPPED HIS HEAD BACK TO REST AGAINST THE COLD WALL OF HIS CELL...



WILL I REMEMBER THIS IN ETERNITY?

WHY WERE HIS EYES COVERED?  
WAS IT BECAUSE DEATH WAS SO HORRIBLE TO SEE?



INSTANTLY THE IMPACT OF EACH VOLLEY CRASHED ITS METAL SPLINTERS INTO HAROLD'S BODY... SMASHING HIM TO THE POST!

NOOOO... PLEASE  
I'M GUILTY... ONLY STOP  
THIS... PLEASE!

HE PRAYED FOR IT TO BE OVER...





MAYBE IT WAS OVER SIGHED HAROLD... THE ODOR OF PERFORMED POISON FILLING HIS NOSTRILS...

SUFFOCATION FILLED HIS MOUTH WITH SICKENING VAPORS, AND HE REALIZED THAT ONLY THE METHOD HAD CHANGED...NOT THE JUDGEMENT.



THAT SMELL...  
COUGH...



..GAS!



I CAN'T...GASP...  
BREATHE...LUNGS  
BURSTING...  
GASP!

SOMEWHERE HAROLD COULD  
HEAR THE FAR AWAY HISsing  
...HE WAS FALLING...

FURTHER AND FURTHER INTO  
SUSPENDED SILENCE...UNTIL  
THE HISsing BECAME A  
WHISPER THAT ENDED IN...



SILENCE...



HE WAS READY TO DIE... JUST AS HE'D  
DIED A THOUSAND TIMES BEFORE THIS...

...AND WOULD A MILLION TIMES  
AFTERWARD... OVER AND OVER  
AGAIN!

HAROLD YOU SEE HAS  
BEATEN THE SENTENCE OF  
DEATH... AND ELUDED THE  
REALITY OF HIS GUILT...



...ONLY TO BE CONDEMNED TO THE EXECUTION OF HIS  
SUBCONSCIOUS!



A PENALTY HE  
COULD NEVER ESCAPE...  
NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES  
HE KILLED HIMSELF !!

NOW **SHOCKING**  
TO HEAR ABOUT HAROLD  
GETTING **HUNG** UP  
LIKE THAT! ALL THAT  
**TIME** HE WASTED  
STUDYING **SENTENCE**  
STRUCTURE, THEN  
FAILING FOR POOR  
ATTENDANCE... SEEMS  
HE WAS NEVER THERE  
...ALTOGETHER!



**PROLOGUE: COUNT DRACULA IS DEAD!** SLAIN BY JONATHAN HARKER AND HIS FRIENDS... ALL OF WHOM RISKED THEIR LIVES TO PREVENT HIS WIFE, MINA, BEING MADE A VAMPIRE BY THIS PRINCE OF THE UNDEAD!

**B**UT THE COUNT'S *SPIRIT* STILL LURKS IN THE ASHES AND EARTH OF THE COFFIN, WAITING FOR A BODY TO USE AS HOST...THE OPPORTUNITY APPEARS WHEN YOUNG WASTREL ADRIAN VARNEY LIES IN THE COFFIN AS A PRACTICAL JOKE...



**C**ONTROLLED BY DRACULA'S SPIRIT, LORD VARNEY PURSUES THE COUNT'S OLD GOALS... FIRST, BY KIDNAPPING MINA HARKER! BUT DRACULA'S POWERS ARE NOT COMPLETE UNLESS VARNEY BECOMES A *VAMPIRE*... UNTIL THEN, MINA IS SAFE...

**K**NOWING THIS, JONATHAN, AIDED BY DOCTORS VAN HELSING AND SEWARD RACES TO THE COAST WHERE RUMOR OF A VAMPIRE EXISTS, HOPING TO DESTROY THE CREATURE BEFORE IT CAN AID VARNEY IN JOINING THE *UNDEAD*!





NOW THAT MY WRITING RE-CAP HAS BROUGHT YOU UP TO DATE ON WHAT HAPPENED LAST ISSUE (FOR ALL YOU FOOLISH FIENDS UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO MISS IT), LET'S PEEK IN ON THE GRUESOME GOINGS-ON IN THAT SEACOAST CAVE, AS WE BEGIN THE STAKE-POUNDING CONCLUSION TO....

# The COFFIN of DRACULA







LOCKED UP TIGHT!  
WE'LL HAVE TO  
TRUST OUR LUCK  
TO THESE. CAN YOU  
MAKE THE CLIMB,  
DR. VAN HELSING?

BEHIND THESE WALLS  
MADAM MINA MAY  
LIE VICTIM TO THAT  
MONSTER... CAN I  
DO LESS THAN TRY?

THE FUNERAL COACH!  
WARNEY USED THAT TO  
CARRY MINA AWAY!  
THE COFFIN WAS  
INSIDE...

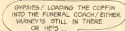
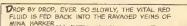
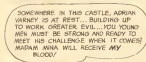
EMPTY!

MINA *MUST* BE INSIDE!  
WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH  
FROM TOP TO  
BOTTOM!

ROOM AFTER ROOM  
WAS BROKEN INTO  
AND EXPLORED...  
ANXIOUS MINUTES  
STRETCHED INTO  
FRUSTRATING HOURS...

IT'S THE ONLY PLACE  
LEFT! SHE'S *GOT* TO BE  
DOWN HERE! DAWN WAS  
COMING FAST... PER-  
HAPS HE DIDN'T  
HAVE TIME TO...

MINA!!!







HALF-BLINDED WITH PAIN, THE BLACK-CAPED FIGURE RACED TO THE COURTYARD AND THE WAITING FUNERAL COACH... A CRACK OF THE WHIP AND AN ANGRY CRY SENT THE HORSE LEAPING FORWARD!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE WHIP CRACKED... THE RUMBLING COACH CREAKED AND STRAINED IN PROTEST AT THE RELENTLESS URGING OF THE DEMON DRIVER... STONE AND ROCK SCATTERED AND FELL HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE POUNDING SURF BELOW!





THE OCEAN BOILS AND FOAMS, DRAWING THE WRECKAGE INTO ITS DARK DEPTHS... SWALLOWING THE LARGE BLACK BOX, INCASEMENT OF BLACKER SECRETS... DRAGGING DOWN THE COFFIN OF DRACULA!



TSK! TSK! LOOKS LIKE THE COUNT'S SPIRITS HAVE BEEN DAMPENED... OR WILL THIS BE A CASE OF WHAT GOES DOWN MUST COME UP? WE'LL SEE IN THE FUTURE... MEANTIME, FOR THE PRESENT, I'VE GOT ANOTHER FRIGHT-FABLE FOR YOU!



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Step into the gloom of the doom room if you dare... *HATE MATES*, in the darkness all things become upside down and only the reflection of sounds cast in ripples, stir upon the pool of the night. Don't risk that awesome canyon, we approach... those who enter it by chance soon learn they can't ever escape the wrath of the...

# BARBARIAN of FEAR by Parente and Sutton

Barely conscious of the pain numbing his rusted vision, Thane struggled to remain seated on his stand. Shattered pieces of his memory failed to gather his senses, and only the instant of blinding agony that had seared him, remained unclouded.

Unable to sweep away the web that spun across his vision, Thane felt recalled into the hollow air of unconsciousness.



Voices echoed through the prison of his subconscious, releasing Thorne from the vanished images his mind had escaped. Painfully he pulled himself from the void, swallowing the fever that burned his throat.



LOOK FATHER...  
HE STIRS!

YES MY DAUGHTER,  
AS THE GODS HAVE  
WILLED

His thoughts unraveled slowly... tangling him in confusion as he strained to focus sight and sound into one sensation.



WARRIOR... HEAR ME! WHOSE  
WILL DO YOU OBEY THAT YOU  
WOULD SUFFER BLINDNESS?

WHO ARE YOU?  
WHY HAVE YOU  
COME TO THIS  
VILLAGE?

CAN YOU NOT TELL  
THAT MY SENSES  
ALSO ELUDE ME?

I REMEMBER  
NOTHING EXCEPT  
THAT I OBEY  
NO ONE'S WILL  
BUT MY OWN!

YEARLING! YOU  
SPEAK HONORABLY  
BEHIND THE CLOAK  
OF YOUR INJURIES.



WHAT SORCERY DID  
YOU USE TO ENTER  
THIS VALLEY...  
INTRUDER!

IT IS ENOUGH THAT  
HE ENTERED IS  
IT NOT? THE CHOICE  
WAS A FOOLISH ONE  
WARRIOR!



YOU WILL REMAIN HERE...  
**FOREVER!!**

But Thane could not be forced to obey, whatever the reason. Escape waited only until his suspended memory could be guided by his eyes.

I AM ENOR, DAUGHTER OF VALON OUR CHIEF ELDER. WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO HARM ME?

YOU NEED NOT FEAR, ENOR.

YOU MUST NOT BLAME FATHER FOR HIS SUSPICIONS. NO ONE HAS COME FROM BEYOND THIS CANYON FOR CENTURIES.

I DID NOT CHOOSE THIS PLACE, AND NOTHING HERE IS WORTH THE PRICE YOU FATHER ASKS.

UNLESS YOU THINK MY HELP IN ESCAPING HERE OF VALUE.

TAKE CARE YOU DO NOT TRICK ME, I AM NOT BLIND TO TREACHERY!

I AM TRUTHFUL, BUT I MUST WARN YOU ESCAPE MAY MEAN DEATH FOR YOU. ARE YOU STILL WILLING?

AND YOU, DOES NOT DEATH FRIGHTEN YOU?

ONLY THAT IT WILL FIND ME BEFORE I HAVE SEEN BEYOND THIS VALLEY.

BUT IF YOU PROMISE DOOM... WHAT IS IT THE FATE'S HOLDEN STORE?

FREEDOM... BUT ONLY IF YOU DESTROY BATU!!



And while each day passed like pain, further from Thaner's remembering, although the scars upon his thoughts refused to mend their vanished wounds...



...his eyes had regained the blurred images they had lost.

MY FATHER HOPES THAT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT LEAVING HERE. HAVE YOU... WARRIOR?

NOTHING THAN I HAVE REMEMBERED MY NAME, BOTH ARE THINGS I CAN'T IGNORE!



SO YOUR EYES ARE HEALED AND NOW YOU SUPPOSE THAT YOUR MIND IS AS WELL?

YOU ARE SHORT OF WISDOM, WARLORD!

I WAS NOT BORN TO REMAIN IN A DESTINY YOU HAVE BLUNDERED!



DO YOU PRETEND TO WANT TO BE CHAINED HERE TILL DANNATION? EVEN YOUR OWN DAUGHTER WISHES TO LEAVE...?

IF YOU WISH TO DESTROY YOURSELF I WILL NOT STOP YOU, FOOL! BUT MY DAUGHTER SHALL OBEY ME. ENOR REMAINS HERE... WITH HER PEOPLE.



LIES!

FORCED UPON THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN KIND TO YOU, HER WHO IS CLOUDED WITH YOUR DECEIT!



LEAVE THIS VALLEY AT ONCE, WARRIOR... IF YOU DARE!











YOU SEE MY DAUGHTER... BATU WAS NOT IMMORTAL. I HAVE BEEN A... ZODASITE... FOOL!

WHAT HAS HAPPENED FATHER?

OUR PEOPLE WERE FRIGHTENED OF DANGERS WE DID NOT UNDERSTAND. BATU WAS A MYTH OUR ANCESTORS CONCEIVED TO PROTECT US...

BUT LIKE ALL MYTHS, BATU GREW UNTIL EVEN THE ELDERLY WHO HAD CREATED HIM... COULD NOT CONTROL THEIR FABLES. THEY HAD BECOME PRISONERS OF THEIR OWN FEARS.

...AND VALON!

YOUR FATHER DIED WITH A PLEASANT OF FEAR HE HELPED TO KEEP ALIVE... YOU ARE FREE NOW ENOR.

YES GREAT WARRIOR... TO REALIZE THAT MY FREEDOM IS HERE WITH MY PEOPLE AND NOT BEYOND THIS VALLEY.



...BY KEEPING THEIR PEOPLE WITHIN THESE MOUNTAINS, AFRAID TO DARE ESCAPE.



UNTIL NOW WHEN ENOR REFUSED TO ALLOW HER FEAR TO CONTROL HER MIND... THE ONE THING WHICH COULD DEFEAT HIM.



WILL YOU EVER RETURN WARRIOR...?



Perhaps, thought Thane... his eyes searching the rays of each peak for the first powdered rays of sunlight. But first his own destiny had to be answered... turning now toward the mouth of the canyon... and beyond.

**END**

THANE... COME BACK THANE! YOUR ENOR... AND JUST WHEN SHE'D FOUND A FELLOW TO MELLOW HER BELLOW ABOUT BEING LOOSED UP! OH, WELL, ANYWAY NEXT TIME HE'LL RETURN WITH HIS MEMORY! JOIN HIM ON ANOTHER JOURNEY INTO UNKNOWN FANTASY... **SOON!**

# THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Crawl into my PALL HALL for an enthralling mauling . . . CRUNCH BUNCH! Let's begin the chagrin with some rage from a page in **UNCLE CREEPY'S DEMONITIONARY**! Better brace your face as we trace some ancient facts about . . .

## "EMBALMING"

Carefully each man bent to lift the jars of spices, inhaling most aromas of anointment that would soon gleam upon their Pharaoh's body. **EM-BALMERS!** Watching steaming vats, spill their secrets into hissing puddles . . . they wait for strips of papyrus, white linen to become the ribbons of entombment. Eruption for those deathless Kings whose exit was amenity. For these men the game of immortality had found purpose in the promise of reincarnation. No King was willing to desecrate his memory in the insult of decay.

A gust of incense caught within the throbbing wind, fell upon their senses, scented vapors rising from the fleshless corpse before them. The body had been cleansed and kept in brine, now stretched upon a slab to dry. A month had passed steadily since the lifeless form had first released its internal substances, once an incision had freed them. Soft mud now filled the treated cavities, giving shape to sagging muscle, and the nectar of a thousand flowers had dusted death upon it. Sightless eyes exchanged their dull response, in gleaming, jeweled sockets, sparkling in the sockets of death's blindness. When finally the strips of linen covered tight the skin pealed corpse, the priests would chant the sacred prayers, bowing as the mummy disappeared within its coffin. Painfully, the massive tot is moved in place to sleep here, an epitaph upon the stone to testify a Pharaoh's greatness. But alas, his death has only been preserved, not conquered . . . and deep within the chipmunk tombs of cat-combed pyramids, the mummy sleeps but beckoned . . . from the BEYONDI!



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TIME FOR A REAL TINGLER, TERRORS... EVERY SMALL TOWN ALWAYS HAS ONE REAL CHARACTER, RIGHT? POSTERDALE IS NO EXCEPTION! COME WITH ME AND MEET THE LOCAL WEIRD-O... OF COURSE YOU'D BE WEIRD TOO IF YOU HAD HIS PROBLEM, AS YOU LL SEE IN THIS *MIND-WARPING MARVEL* CALLED...

# BRAIN TRUST!

FROM THE PITCH BLACK INTERIOR OF THE OLD HOUSE, AN ODDOR OF FETID DECAY STUNG THE NOSTRILS OF THE YOUNG MAN IN THE DOORWAY... HE WINCED BUT DID NOT RUN AWAY AS EVERY INSTINCT IN HIM SCREAMED TO DO!

THE VOICE WAS A HOARSE, GRATING RASP... SEEMING ALMOST DISEMBODIED AS IT CAME OUT OF THE IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS!



CHESTER...IT'S DR. ELLIOT! I UNDERSTAND YOUR...*PROBLEM!* I'VE COME TO HELP!

GET OUT OF HERE! THERE'S NOTHING YOU OR ANYONE ELSE CAN DO!

CHESTER... PLEASE!

DOC, I GOT A GUN HERE... DON'T MAKE ME USE IT!



PLEASE! M-MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE

TOO LATE? IT WAS TOO LATE THE DAY YOU CAME TO POSTERDALE!



ELLIOT'S MIND RACED BACK... BACK TO THE DAY HE HAD FIRST ARRIVED IN FOSTERDALE... THE DAY HE HAD FIRST SEEN CHESTER HOLCOMB... AT THE FUNERAL OF THE MAN HE WAS TO REPLACE!



WHAT AM I GONNA DO?  
WHAT AM I GONNA **DO?**  
BLAST YOU, DOC ADAMS!  
WHY'D YOU HAVE  
TO **DIE?**!

THE MUTTERINGS OF THE GREAT HULK OF A MAN HAD REACHED ELLIOT'S EAR... A DOCTOR'S CONCERN MADE HIM APPROACH...

I DON'T LIKE TO  
INTRUDE, BUT PERHAPS  
I COULD HELP... I'M  
TO BE DR. ADAMS'S  
REPLACEMENT.

WHAT?  
**GET AWAY!**  
HE WAS THE  
ONLY ONE 'COULD  
DO ANYTHING...  
**THE ONLY ONE!**  
**GET AWAY!** LEAVE  
ME ALONE!!



STRANGE! DOESN'T  
APPEAR TO HAVE  
TOUCHED A RAZOR  
FOR DAYS... BUT  
HE'S **DRENCHED**  
WITH **SHAVING**  
**LOTION!**



DON'T PAY HIM  
NO MIND, DOC?  
THAT'S CHESTER  
HOLCOMB... THE  
TOWN CHARACTER!

HARMLESS ENOUGH...  
BUT SIMPLE MINDED!  
NOT MUCH UPSTAIRS!



YET FROM THE BEGINNING, ELLIOT HAD BEEN INTRIGUED BY THE CASE OF CHESTER HOLCOMB... AND THE CAUSE OF HIS STRANGENESS...

SEEMS TO BE A COMPLETE RECLUSE...  
ONLY LEAVES THAT OLD HOUSE  
OCCASIONALLY FOR GROCERIES...





HE WATCHED THE HULKING MAN CLOSELY  
HOPING FOR SOME CLUE TO WHAT LAY  
BENEATH THE RETARDED EXTERIOR

AN A CASE OF  
SHAVING LOTION...

A CASE? LAWD...  
YOU NEED THE  
WHOLE FACTORY!

OR BETTER YET...  
A BATH!

IT'S PURE CRIMINAL  
FOR A MAN TO WALK  
AROUND LIKE THAT...

THERE'S  
A LIMIT TO  
WHAT PERFUME  
CAN COVER  
UP!

THE BOYS ARE  
RIGHT! IF YOU CAN'T  
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF,  
STAY OUT OF MY  
STORE! I'M NOT  
FILLING ANY MORE  
ORDERS FOR YOU!

CHESTER! THOSE  
MEN'S ACTIONS  
WERE INEXCUSABLE...  
IF YOU'D LET  
ME HELP...

GET YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
ME! LENNIE  
ALONE!!

MY GOD...  
HIS FLESH WAS  
COLD AS  
ICE!

YOU SHOULDN'T  
WORRY NONE ABOUT  
THAT BIG HULK, DOC!  
HE MAY BE SIMPLE,  
BUT HE'S HEALTHY AS  
A BULL... NOTHIN'  
CAN HURT HIM!

WHAT DO  
YOU MEAN?

"YESSIR...AIN'T NOTHIN' CAN HURT THAT BOSS...LIKE THE DAY HE WANDERED RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF LEM FULLER'S PRODUCE TRUCK!"



"DOC ADAMS ALWAYS TOOK A SPECIAL INTEREST IN CHESTER...ALWAYS WORRIED ABOUT HIM...EVEN HE DIDN'T HAVE NO HOPE WHEN HE GOT TO HIM SPRAWLED OUT IN THE STREET!"



"WASN'T A MAN AMONG US THAT DIDN'T FIGURE WE CARRIED A DEAD MAN INTO THE DOC'S OFFICE... BUT WE HADN'T MORE 'AN LAID HIM OUT ON THE TABLE WHEN...UP HE SAT!"



THAT WAS 'BOUT A WEEK BEFORE OL' DOC KICKED OFF WITH HIS HEART ATTACK! WONDER ALL OF US DIDN'T HAVE ONE, GEEIN' CHESTER WALK AWAY FROM A THING LIKE THAT! AIN'T NOTHIN' CAN HURT THAT BOY!



MONTHS PASSED, CHESTER HOLCOMB MADE NO MORE APPEARANCES IN THE GENERAL STORE...OR ANYWHERE ELSE IN FOSTERDALE!



SOMETHIN' STRANGE IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE! LAST NIGHT SOME KIND OF CRITTER BROKE INTO OUR FRUIT CELLAR...MADE OFF WITH A LOT OF STUFF!

SHERIFF OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING! IT'S HAPPENED TO A LOT OF FOLKS... CHICKENS CROPS ANY KINDA FOOD! THE THING SHOULD BE HUNTED DOWN!

TRACKIN' IT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM... LEFT AN AWFUL STRONG SMELL IN OUR FRUIT CELLAR!



THE ANGRY, HOPELESS VOICE DROVE HIM BACK TO HIS OFFICE... AND TO THE OLD FILE'S LEFT BY DOC ADAMS...

NOTHING HERE ON CHESTER... NOT EVEN A RECORD OF BIRTH!

WAIT!... DOC ADAMS ALSO KEPT A DIARY!



ELLIOT RACED FROM THE STORE TO CHESTER'S FRONT DOOR... THE SEEDS OF MOB VIOLENCE HAD BEEN IN THE CONVERSATION JUST HEARD, AND IT WOULD BE BUT A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL EVERYONE MADE THE SAME CONNECTION HE HAD!

CHESTER! LISTEN TO REASON! I'M A DOCTOR... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO... TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MEDICINE WON'T HELP! NOTHING WILL! JUST LEAVE ME BE!



HE UNCOVERED THE OLD BOOK... BEGAN BROWSING THROUGH THE FADED INK ENTRIES... UNTIL...

HERE! MOTHER DIED IN CHILDBIRTH... SURVIVED BY... TWINS!! BOTH DEFORMED AT BIRTH SO THAT... OH, MY GOD!



HE READ THE REST OF THE ENTRIES IN HORROR, THEN CLOSED THE BOOK! ELLIOT NOW KNEW HOW HOPELESS CHESTER'S SITUATION WAS... YET, NO MATTER HOW FUTILE, HIS DOCTOR'S INSTINCTS DROVE HIM BACK INTO THE NIGHT TOWARD THE DARKENED OLD HOUSE...



CHESTER, I READ DOC ADAMS'S DIARY... I **KNOW** THERE ARE **TWO** OF YOU! ONE IS THE TWIN WITH THE NORMAL BODY... THE TWIN KILLED BY THE TRUCK

THE TWIN THAT EVEN THOUGH DEAD, EVEN THOUGH DECAYING HAD TO KEEP MOVING AND PROVIDING FOR **YOU!** YOU CHESTER... THE OTHER TWIN! THE TWIN BORN WITH THE **BRAIN** FOR BOTH BODIES!!

NO MATTER **WHAT** HAPPENED TO THE OTHER BODY, IT COULD STILL BE MOVED BY **YOUR** THOUGHTS AND WILL POWER! NOW WILL YOU LET ME TRY TO HELP?

DON'T TOUCH THE LIGHTS! I CAN'T STAND TO BE SEEN! DON'T! DON'T!!

ELLIOT'S FINGERS WERE ALREADY ON THE SWITCH. HE COULD NOT STOP HIMSELF... BUT IN THE 'SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE LIGHT FLOODED THE RANCID-SMELLING ROOM...

CHESTER!  
NO!

BLAM!

DR ELLIOT TRIED TO SCREAM, BUT ONLY A CHOKED WHISPER WOULD COME FORTH... CHESTER HOLCOMB HAD GIVEN HIS LAST THOUGHT COMMAND TO THE DECAYED THING THAT HAD BEEN HIS MINDLESS TWIN. MAKING THE BONY FINGER TRIGGER THE SUICIDE SHOT TO THE BRAIN WHICH CONTROLLED THEM BOTH!

TSK, TSK! TOO BAD... CHESTER WAS A REAL **BRAIN!** NO WONDER HE WAS **HEAD** OF THE FAMILY! NOW, IF YOU'VE A **MIND** TO, PUSH ON TO MY NEXT TALE..

OH MY GOD!



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# PROLOGUE:

By the 28th century, global disaster already witnessed fields of ghost cities... powdered beneath the charred ashes of extinction.



Those who had murdered for survival... now fled the torrent of revenge that gripped their planet, seeking revenge in the distant galaxies.



Sometimes only a splinter of fate decided who would escape into the conclave of the nebulas...



Being smuggled into space became a worthwhile chance to take for criminals who wished to erase their identity, galactic sanctuary, like all things, could be had for a price!



...and who would vanish into the exit of eternity!



To return was impossible, even for the exiles who guided this strange cargo of criminals into the vortex of space.

# SURPRISE PACKAGE



GADZOOKS... KOOKS,  
IT'S A PAIN IN THE  
CRANIUM, DRAINING  
MY BRAIN-UM WITHOUT  
GOING INSANE-ILUM.  
WATCH OUT YOU DON'T  
BING-BONG YOUR  
DING-DONGS AFTER  
WE UNWRAP SOME  
INSANITY INSIDE  
THIS LITTLE...

FUGITIVES FROM A DWINDLING UNIVERSE SEARCHING  
FOR ANOTHER SOLAR REFUGE TO CONTAIN THEM.  
IN NEED OF SURVIVAL, THEY COULD GAIN ONLY  
FROM THE CRIMES OF HIDROUS DEEDS!

WE WILL COORDINATE OUR  
LANDING POSITION IN  
APPROXIMATELY... THREE  
LIGHT HOURS.

-THIS PLANET  
NOVELLA-NOW  
FAVORABLE ARE  
THE CONDITIONS  
FOR US?



QUITE PERFECT...  
FOR WHILE THEY SEEM  
ADVANCED THEIR  
EXTINCTION RATE IS  
ALMOST NOTHING.



THAT'S  
UNUSUAL-  
YOU'D THINK  
THEIR  
KNOWLEDGE  
WOULD HAVE  
WIPE THEM  
OUT BY  
NOW.



WE'LL HAVE NO  
TROUBLE TAKING  
COMPLETE  
CONTROL  
EVENTUALLY.

I HOPE YOU'RE  
CORRECT MY  
FRIEND-OUR  
FUEL WILL BE  
SPENT ONCE  
WE REACH  
NOVELLA.







**B**UT THEN, A SUDDEN GUSH OF DEATH STENCH FILLED THE CORRIDOR—AND THERE BEHIND THEM, LIPS QUIVERING IN THE FOAM OF STARVATION....

*DR. FLAVIOUS!*



GIRLS... HOW MUCH LONGER UNTIL WE REACH NOVELLA, COMMANDER ONE?



THE LONG TRIP WAS BEGINNING TO FILL HIS STOMACH WITH A CRAVING FOR INHUMAN DESIRES...



DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND I MUST HAVE FOOD SOON—I MUST!



**H**YSTERICALLY MUTTERING FOLLOWED THE MALIGNANT FLESH THIEF INTO THE CORRIDOR... DRIPPING MADNESS AS HE STUMBLER PAST THEIR TAUNTING QUESTIONS.

AN INHUMAN WAILING PIERCED THE UNREAL SILENCE...SCREAMING INTO THE PASSAGEWAY FROM THE COMPARTMENT BEYOND.



AAHHHHH!

MR. GRETH'S ROOM - WE MUST BE PASSING ANOTHER GROUP OF LUNAR ASTEROIDS.

THIS IS THE FIFTH SEIZURE HE'S HAD SINCE WE LEFT!



HE'LL FIND ADJUSTING TO THE ROUTINE ON NOVELLA MUCH EASIER.

ONLY *ONE* FULL MOON A MONTH SHOULD BE EASY TO TOLERATE IF HE DOESN'T GO *MAD* BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!



WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM. WE'LL CHECK THE OTHERS WHEN WE LAND.

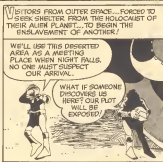
I HOPE WE CAN CONTROL THEM ALL AFTER THE TRIP IS OVER!



YOU FORGET, COMMANDER TWO - THEY MAY HAVE THE STRENGTH TO RULE NOVELLA - BUT *WE* HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE.



THEY *NEED* US - FOR WITHOUT US THEY COULD NEVER SURVIVE...





YOU THOUGHT MAYBE WE WERE FROM THIS WORLD... WIT NITS? SHAME ON YOU... THINKING YOU WERE WISE TO US GUYS AND ALL THE WHILE YOUR EYES WERE DISGUISED! GET OUT OF YOUR RUT NUTS... YOUR NEXT MIS-STAKE MAY BE YOUR LAST... GUFFAW!



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